

The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. I.

LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1885.

NO. 17.

Mistaken Identity.

You might as well acknowledge it. You heard him on the street. I was most unfortunate. Each other on your cheek. O. never mind, I understand, you have no need to speak. You hold your hands in nervous clasp. You're angry, I suppose. That fortune was so fickle then your secret to disclose. Well, here's your ring, and here, alas! Your note of yesterday. I dare not read these words again, 'twould drive me senseless. How could you be so forgetful, dear, and suffer that course? And in a moment turn the tide of all our happiness. O. do not weep. It breaks my heart. To say I was wrong and yet I could not forget. The dew is shaken from the flower touched by an alien hand. Ah, love! the one that wrings my heart you had here become—fearful, my love, Nay, do not hold me back—What can it be? Forgive me, dear; Why, it's your own brother Jack!

Called Back.

For two weeks I had been in a creole colony. Fifty dollars a month I was offered for services, and as I had not an acquaintance in the country I gladly accepted. That would bring me food, clothing, and shelter—more than I had been able to obtain in dear France. My two pupils, M. Rabut assured me, were well-behaved children. The girl was just 15, already a young lady, and the 10-year boy was equally apt at study. After all, I was only required to give five hours a day to teaching. The rest of the time was at my disposal. I was to be devoted either to work or sleep as I pleased.

It was a threatening day in April—well I remember it—when I started out to walk to the great house where I was to earn my bread. As I walked on I began to dream. What future did this new land hold in reserve for me? I had not come to it with any idea of making a fortune—although a young man of 25, I had acquired enough common sense to save me from such illusions—but only to earn a good living and lay up enough to enable me, when an old man, to return to France and sleep at last under the shadow of my own village spire. Soon I caught sight of the lofty chimney of the sugar mill—then the house itself, buried in a thick grove of mango trees, and as I feared being late, I quickened my step. Under the veranda, already crowded, I saw people rushing back and forth—running, and no one noticed me as I ascended the front steps except a big, fat negress, crouching at the entrance, who sobbed and cried with renewed despair at my coming. There on the sofa, at full length, lay a young girl—almost a child. Her long, bright hair, all streaming with water, fell over the back of the sofa, and had dripped upon the veranda until a little pool had formed upon the flags. She was whiter than a piece of marble; the violets of death were on her compressed lips; her lifeless arms lay rigidly straight by her side; and M. Rabut, on his knees beside her, was kissing one of her hands.

"Drowned, my dear sir, she got drowned," said a good old lady of about 60 years of age, who came to me holding out her hand in the friendliest manner imaginable. "But you have walked here," she continued; "you must be tired. Of course you will take something. Myrrill!"

"Mamma! Oh, mamma!" exclaimed M. Rabut, raising his head. "You see," he said to me, with a sob, "you see she was out bathing; the river suddenly rose. His head fell forward again over the little white hand to which his lips clung. "Myrrill! Myrrill!" again cried the good lady, "bring a glass of Madeira to the gentleman. Or perhaps you would prefer something else?"

I questioned the family. The girl had not been twenty minutes under water. And yet they had done nothing—had not even tried to do anything.

I gave my orders briefly—they were obeyed. Half an hour passed. What was that a flash of light mounting to the colorless cheeks? Oh, how fervent a prayer he uttered that moment to me the good God! And it seemed to me the arm I held had become less rigid. At that moment a horseman came up at full gallop.

"Myrrill! Myrrill!" take the doctor's horse to the stable!" cried the good lady, descending the steps to meet the physician. "Ah, doctor. I know it! Your powder coat does not do me any good. The whole night, doctor, I was in pain. Ah! how badly I slept!"

The doctor came directly to us. "Good! young man!—very good, indeed! That is just what should have been done."

"Come, come!" he cried in a joyous tone, after a few moments had passed. "We are all right now—we shall get off with nothing worse than a fright. Why, you old coward, have I not already told you so? Here! let me see a happier face on you?" And he gave M. Rabut a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

Then, suddenly turning to me, he asked: "But you—where are you from? I don't remember ever seeing you here before."

"I came from Brittany, doctor, by way of Paris and Port Louis."

"Look!—look!" he had already turned his back upon me—"he is opening her eyes!"

M. Rabut involuntarily seized my hand, and dragged me to the sofa.

She opened her eyes. They were blue—the eyes I always liked best. "Helene! my own Helene!" murmured the poor father, stooping to kiss her forehead.

"Gentle! you!" exclaimed the doctor, pulling my back. "Let her have air, if you please!"

M. Rabut drew back, without letting go my hand.

Myrrill returned from the stable.

"Myrrill! Myrrill!" well, how about that breakfast? Is it going to be ready to-day or to-morrow?"

"Ma foi! I'm ready for it!" cried the doctor. "That gallop gave me a ferocious appetite."

"Why, Myrrill, serve the Madeira to those gentlemen."

This time Myrrill obeyed.

It was in the afternoon when I left

my pavilion to return to the house. M. Rabut came to look for me on the veranda. "Come," he said, "you can see her now."

He brought me close to her bed. Her dear blue eyes still had dark circles about them; but the blood was circulating under the clear skin, for she blushed at my approach.

"This is he, my Helene; if it hadn't been for him—and his voice choked."

"Don't fret any more, papa. I am only sorry about my locket. Do you think they will ever be able to find it?"

"The locket contained her mother's hair."

It was barely daylight when I reached the river. The negro who had taken her out of the water had shown me the evening before the precise spot where the current had carried her away, and also the place where he had found her—about fifty yards further down. It was a great narrow basin, shut in by great jamboos, whose tufted branches met above and stretched from one bank to the other. The pale light, flickering through the leaves, made gleams here and there upon the water like the reflection of molten lead; beyond the darkness was complete; it looked perfectly black there.

I dived and brought up three flat pebbles! But breakfast would not be ready until 10 o'clock; I had plenty of time.

By 8 o'clock the bottom of the basin had no mysteries for me. There was not a single eel-like fish that I had not disturbed beneath its rock—not a single eel-like fish that I had not compelled to crawl backward into its hole. But the locket was not there—accordingly it must be further down. I left the basin and followed the course of the stream—interrogating all the roots, exploring all the boulders, questioning every tuft of grass. I was about to pass on when I saw a little serpent, like a thin silk string caught upon the root of a wild strawberry plant, wriggling in the current. I seized it—it was the locket.

She would not come down to breakfast, but M. Rabut told me she was certainly come down to dinner. She was still a little weak, but that was all.

Man is a selfish creature; the meditation remained in my pocket.

While they were laying the table that evening I stole into the dining-room. When her father had led her to her seat, and she unfolded her napkin, she found a little box in it.

"What is this? Another of your attempts to spoil me, papa?"

But the astonished look of M. Rabut must have convinced her more than his denial.

"She opened the little box."

"My locket! my locket!" she cried, putting it to her lips and kissing it over and over again. I watched every kiss, and I looked out of the corner of my eye. Finally her eyes met my own—she understood. But the little mysterious beauty didn't even say, "Thank you."

And the long and short of it is, dear sir, that I never gave Helene, who became my wife, a single lesson.

Ah, yes, parbleu! I taught her how to swim.

A Reminiscence of Charley Backus.

Chance placed Arthur Moreland in the next seat to me at the "Evangelical" initial Thursday night. He has aged much and wears a mournful expression, ill becoming a face that was so long wreathed with smiles, when, with a burnt-cork mask, he pivoted the San Francisco minstrel semicircle.

The dissolution of that admirable organization still preys upon his mind, and while the drummer was testing his heads between acts Arthur harped on his favorite subject. He told me a story about Charley Backus which I think has never before appeared in type. It was when Peter Gilsey was alive. Backus and Gilsey sat in the Gilsey house cafe. It was bitter cold outside, the mercury indicating the zero mark. The conversation turned upon the stern dictates of fashion in regard to male attire.

"I don't care what I wear as long as I'm comfortable," remarked the comedian.

"Oh, yes, you do," patronizingly insisted the venerable Peter. "You wouldn't dare go out in the street in this kind of weather with a summer suit on."

"That's just what I'll do for a bottle of wine."

"Make it a case."

"Call it a car-load if you want," rejoined Backus.

The wager was made, and Backus disappeared. An hour later he walked into the cafe attired in a white flannel shirt, straw hat with blue band, corn-cob walking stick, and wearing a rose in his button-hole. The terms of the wager required that he should walk down Broadway to Stewart's store and return. He carried it out to the letter, leisurely sauntering down the street, swinging his cane, and appearing as comfortable as though he was on the shady side of the street on a July day. Of course he was the cynosure of all eyes, but he was accustomed to that, and appeared not the least perturbed. The wine was won, and Gilsey determined to have revenge in paying it. That evening, when Backus had responded to the fourth encore on one of his topical songs, he was surprised to see a box of Mum's extra showed over the footlights. The audience howled and demanded a fifth verse. It was followed by another case, and so it continued until twenty boxes of wine had been piled upon the stage before him, entirely concealing his round form.—*Auburn Dispatch.*

An El Paso newspaper says that there died a few days ago in the village of San Mateo, in Mexico, Senora Garcia de Chavez at the age of 120 years. At the time of death she had six children, thirty-six grandchildren, 112 great-grandchildren, thirty-seven great-great-grandchildren, and one great-great-great-grandchild. Her flesh was shriveled and dried up to that extent that the old woman looked like a mummy. The deceased fully retained her mental faculties until about four years ago.

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THE AGE OF DISCOVERY.

At no time since men have dwelt upon the earth have their notions about the universe undergone so great a change as in the century of which we are now approaching the end. Never before has knowledge increased so rapidly; never before has philosophical speculation been so actively conducted, or its results so widely diffused. It is a characteristic of organic evolution that numerous progressive tendencies, for a long time unconscious, now and then unite to bring about a striking and apparently sudden change, or a set of forces, quietly accumulating in one direction, at length unlock some new reservoir of force, and abruptly inaugurate a new series of phenomena, as when water rises in a tank until its overflow sets whirling a system of toothed wheels. It may be that Nature makes no leaps, but in this way she now and then makes very long ones. It is in this way that the course of organic development is marked here and there by memorable epochs, which seem to open new chapters in the history of the universe. There was such an epoch when the common ancestor of the ascidian and amphioxus first showed rudimentary traces of a vertebral column. There was such an epoch when the air-bladder of early amphibians began to do duty as a lung. Greatest of all, since the epoch, still hidden from our ken, when organic life began upon the surface of the globe, was the birth of that new era when, through a wondrous change in the direction of the working of natural selection, Humanity appeared upon the scene. It is the career of the human race we can like wise point to periods in which it has become apparent that an immense stride was taken. Such a period marks the dawning of human history, when after countless ages of desolatory tribal warfare, men succeeded in uniting into comparatively stable political societies, and through the medium of written language began handing down to posterity the record of their thoughts and deeds. Since that morning twilight of history there has been no era so strongly marked, no change so swift or so far-reaching in the conditions of human life, as that which began with the great maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century, and is approaching its culmination to-day. In its earlier stages this modern era was characterized by sporadic achievements of the human intellect, great in themselves, and leading to such stupendous results as the boldest dared not dream of. Such achievements were the invention of printing, the telescope and microscope, the geometry of Descartes, the astronomy of Newton, the physics of Huygens, the physiology of Harvey. Man's senses were thus indefinitely enlarged as his means of registration were perfected; he became capable of extending physical inferences from the earth to the heavens; and he made his first acquaintance with that luminiferous ether which was by and by to reveal the intimate structure of matter in regions far beyond the power of the microscope to penetrate.

It is only with the present century that the vastness of the changes thus beginning to be wrought has become apparent. The scientific achievements of the human intellect no longer occur sporadically; they follow one upon another, like the organized and systematic conquest of a resistless army. Each new discovery becomes at once a powerful impetus in the hands of innumerable workers, and thus wins over fresh regions of the universe from the unknown to the known. Our own generation has become so wonted to this unrelenting march of discovery that we already take it as a matter of course. Our minds become easily deuded to its real import, and the examples we cite in illustration of it have an air of triteness. We scarcely need to be reminded that the advances made in locomotion from the days of Neandertal to those of Annie Jackson, were as nothing compared to the change that has been wrought within a few years by the introduction of railroads. In these times, when Puck has fulfilled his boast and put a giraffe about the earth in forty minutes, we are not yet, perhaps, in danger of forgetting that a century has not elapsed since he who caught the lightning upon his kite was laid in the grave. Yet the lesson of the facts, as well as of the grandmother's spinning-wheel that stands by the parlour fire, is well to bear in mind. The change therein exemplified since Ponce de Leon's first discovery of the New World, which has occurred within the memory of living men. The development of machinery, which has worked such wonders, have greatly altered the political conditions of human society, so that a huge republic like the United States is now as snug and compact and easily manageable as the tiny republic of Switzerland in the eighteenth century. The number of men that can live upon a given area of the earth's surface has been multiplied manifold, and while the mass of human life has thus increased, its value has been at the same time enhanced.—*John Fiske in November Atlantic.*

A Practical Joke.

Mr. Morribo stepped into Cheese-cake's grocery the other morning, remarks Bob Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle, in a great flow of spirits. He thought he saw Cheese-cake stooping down behind the counter, so he took up a codfish, reached over, and hit the stooping figure a most resounding blow across the back, shouting "Rise up, Sir Cheese-cake," and with a shriek of fright a nice, good, motherly old lady, who was back there tying her shoe, rose up. The horrified Morribo dropped the codfish on the floor, when a hungry sneak of a dog started off with it, and, rushing across the store after it, the joker knocked over a barrel of eggs and the dog got away with his fish. "By Jove," groaned the unhappy man, "I felt, when I turned in here, that I'd do something foolish before I got out." And staggering to the window he sat down on a square yard of fly-paper and buried his face in his hands.

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THE WALLACE HOUSE.

Arranging for Organization and for a Re-union Next Year.

By request, a number of gentlemen, members of the Wallace House, met in Wright's Hotel, Columbia, on the evening of the 11th inst. Present: F. A. Connor, Abbeville; L. S. Bamberg, Barnwell; John B. Erwin, Laurens; John S. Verner, Oconee; D. F. Bradley, Pickens; E. S. Allen, Spartanburg; A. E. Hutchinson, B. H. Massey, York. The following officers of the House were present: John T. Sloan, clerk; W. McB. Sloan, assistant clerk; C. O. Marshall, dockkeeper.

On motion Mr. B. H. Massey was called to the chair and John T. Sloan was appointed secretary.

The secretary handed the chairman the gavel used in the organization of the Wallace House. [Applause.] The chairman stated that the meeting had been requested for the purpose of organizing a permanent society of the members of the Wallace House of Representatives who organized in the Carolina Hall on November, 1876. The following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That the secretary prepare and publish a list of the members of the House of Representatives who organized in the Carolina Hall on November, 1876, known as the Wallace House, and that they be requested to meet in Carolina Hall, in the city of Columbia, on Wednesday or Thursday of the next State Fair for the purpose of organizing a permanent society.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

From Abbeville—W. K. Bradley, deceased; R. R. Hemphill, F. A. Connor, William Hood, T. L. Moore.

From Aiken—C. E. Sawyer, J. J. Woodward, L. M. Asbill, J. G. Guignard.

From Anderson—H. R. Vandiver, R. W. Simpson, W. C. Brown, deceased, James L. Orr.

From Barnwell—W. Youmans, M. A. Rountree, Robert Aldrich, I. S. Bamberg, John W. Holmes.

From Beaufort—Thomas Hamilton, N. B. Myers, deceased.

From Chesterfield—J. C. Colt, D. T. Redfern.

From Colleton—H. E. Bissell, Wm. Maree, deceased; J. M. Cummings, L. E. Farley, Robert Jones.

From Edgefield—J. S. Allen, J. C. Sheppard, James Allison, T. E. Jennings, H. A. Shaw.

From Sumter—J. H. Westberry.

From Union—W. H. Wallace, G. D. Peake, William Jefferies.

From Greenville—J. F. McDonald, deceased; J. T. Austin, J. W. Gray, J. L. Westmoreland.

From Horry—L. D. Bryan, J. R. Cooper.

From Lancaster—John B. Erwin, J. C. Blakeney, deceased.

From Laurens—J. B. Hammett, J. Wash Watts, D. W. Anderson.

From Lexington—G. Leaphart, G. Muller.

From Marion—J. G. Blue, James Melroe, R. H. Rogers, J. P. Davis.

From Marlboro—P. M. Hamer, T. N. Edens.

From Oconee—B. Frank Sloan, John S. Verner.

From Orangeburg—W. H. Reedish.

From Pickens—D. F. Bradley, E. H. Bates.

From Spartanburg—W. T. Compton, deceased; J. W. Wofford, E. S. Allen, Charles Petty.

From York—A. E. Hutchinson, B. H. Massey, J. A. Deal, deceased, W. B. Myers, deceased.

Resolved, That ex-Governor Wade Hampton, the Senate and its officers of 1876, the State officers of 1876 and Judge A. C. Haskell be, and they are hereby, invited to attend the meeting.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to invite the Hon. W. H. Wallace to address the meeting on the history of the eventful struggle of the Wallace House, whereupon the chairman announced Messrs. Verner, Bamberg and Allen, of the committee.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to make arrangements for the contemplated meeting, whereupon the chair announced Messrs. Erwin, Bradley and Connor, of the committee. The meeting then adjourned.

—Miss Angelina Brown, of New York city, has sued her physicians, Dr. A. S. Purdy and his son Dr. A. E. M. Purdy, for \$10,000 damages for having falsely reported that she had smallpox and causing her to be sent to the smallpox hospital on Blackwell's Island.

—The census of Kansas, just completed by the State board of statistics, shows a population of 1,268,432, a gain of 372,466 in the past five years. The greater portion of this increase is within the past two years, during which time the almost depopulated western counties have nearly regained former numbers.

—Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Woodfall went to the agency at Lawrence, Kan., to be married. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock a. m., and Thompson died at noon of dropsy of the heart and was buried at 10 o'clock next day. The minister who married the couple preached the funeral sermon, and in the evening married the woman to another man.